

SAVES BROTHER BY CONFESSING HE KILLED A WOMAN

Sebastino Siracusa Tells Priest
He Fired Bullet Into Mrs.
San Filippo.

TO ASK FOR NEW TRIAL.

Counsel for Giuseppe Siracusa
Halts Sentence of Man Who
Was Convicted.

Giuseppe Siracusa of No. 31 Monroe street, who was convicted a week ago today of murder in the second degree for having shot to death on Sept. 14 last Mrs. Maria San Filippo, will not be sentenced by Judge Rosalsky on Monday because his brother, Sebastino Siracusa, has confessed that it was a bullet from his automatic Colt's that killed the woman.

Mrs. San Filippo was the victim of a general pistol engagement in the yard back of her home at No. 113 Chrystie street. Her son, Vincenzo Lambidosi, was one of the gun fighters, who, after the killing of his mother, pursued the Siracusa brothers over back fences shooting wildly and killing Hyman Hoffman, a peddler, who was standing in the doorway of his home at No. 113 Chrystie street. For this Lambidosi was today convicted of manslaughter in the first degree.

Confessed to a Priest.
Sebastino Siracusa's confession was obtained in the Tomb by a Roman Catholic priest, Amos Evans, counsel for Giuseppe Siracusa, will present the brother's confession to Judge Rosalsky on Monday and ask for a new trial.

According to the confession the Siracusa brothers visited Lambidosi at the Chrystie street home of his mother, Mrs. San Filippo, on the day of the series of tragedies. They played cards for several hours, and over the cards they quarreled. There was a fist fight on the stairway, but when the card players got down to the back yard revolvers were drawn and a pistol battle began.

When she heard the shooting Mrs. Filippo rushed down into the yard to see what she could do to save her son. She rushed in between the Siracusa brothers and Lambidosi. Sebastino Siracusa says now that Mrs. Filippo seized his arms and threw his gun down in such a way that a bullet from it penetrated her abdomen.

Giuseppe Scaled a Fence.
As she fell Giuseppe Siracusa fled, scaling a fence at the rear of the yard. Sebastino Siracusa got over the same fence and dodged into a nearby tenement. Lambidosi thought that Giuseppe had killed his mother and devoted his chase he fired almost blindly, killing the peddler and wounding two other innocent bystanders. The peddler was shot through the heart. Not one of Lambidosi's bullets reached his mark, the fleeing Giuseppe Siracusa.

Both Siracusa brothers were arrested and indicted—Giuseppe for murder in the second degree and Sebastino for manslaughter, for having participated in the duel. Giuseppe was tried and acquitted according to the preponderance of evidence Mrs. San Filippo had fallen from a bullet fired by him at her son, Lambidosi. There was no hint at the trial that Sebastino Siracusa might have shot Mrs. San Filippo during the engagement.

Guarded His Secret Well.
According to counsel for Giuseppe Siracusa, Sebastino kept his secret locked in his breast until after the conviction of his brother. Even Giuseppe Siracusa had not indicated for his brother had killed Mrs. San Filippo. But after Giuseppe had been convicted Sebastino sent for a priest and made a full confession. In his confession he told how the crime had been committed, explaining that he had been shooting at Lambidosi in defense of himself and his brother, when the young man's mother rushed into the yard and threatened herself in front of her boy.

She had seized his arm and pulled it down, said Sebastino, and as she did so a bullet was discharged. It was shown at the trial that the bullet had taken a downward course, which fact tends to corroborate Sebastino's confession.

To Take Confession to Court.
Lawyer Evans will present a signed confession to Judge Rosalsky and move for a new trial on the technical ground of newly discovered evidence. If Sebastino is not indicted for murder, he will set up the defense that he was shooting in self defense and that the killing of Mrs. San Filippo was an accident. A similar defense, offered for Giuseppe, failed to save him from conviction. If sentenced, the Court would have to impose the punishment of not less than twenty years to life imprisonment.

Lambidosi's conviction of the killing of the peddler, will also be arraigned for sentence on Monday.

SHOOT AT "FOES" IN HOTEL
Capt. Blake, U. S. M. C., Retired.
Enjoys Guests of the Earle.

Daniel W. Blake, a retired captain of marines, put the Hotel Earle, No. 103 Waverley place, in Paris last night, when he began shooting at imaginary foes in his room on the second floor of the hotel and emptied a magazine revolver.

Capt. Blake registered at the hotel yesterday morning at 11 o'clock. He said he was a sick man, but believed quiet rest would restore him to health.

Twelve shots sounded as Capt. Blake began firing. Then he looked himself in the bathroom. The door was closed and Blake was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

Irish Shoot Out Cigarettes.
SALT LAKE CITY, March 18.—A bill making it a misdemeanor to sell cigarettes or cigarette papers finally passed the Legislature yesterday.

Prima Donna Who Averted Panic By Beating Out Fire on Stage



Ideal Wife Must Have Good Sense, Be Neat And Not Expensive

But Doctors Disagree as to Make Up of the Model
Spouse, So the Discussion Goes On—
Perhaps Forever.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

We may have war with Mexico. Some persons this week have given attention to that probability. There may be indictments of certain Carnegie Trust officials if the Grand Jury decides to believe Mr. Robin. A few individuals may have focussed their thoughts upon that contingency.

But when all these things have passed away one question which has attracted public attention in the past few days will still be interesting. It was asked and answered by Mrs. Truman T. Spencer in an address before the Hartford Mothers' Club—"What Is a Model Wife?"

"Some of the things which men want of their wives," ran this definition, "are intelligence to run the household with business methods, sympathy and understanding of their husbands' ambitions and aims, a consideration of the tastes and individuality of their husbands—but most especially a willingness to bear children."

A successful wife is more than a good housekeeper. The woman who makes the best wife is the woman who makes her home, be it humble or luxurious, a place for the comfort and happiness of her husband and children.

This is the man's side, presented by a woman. The woman's version is told in an article in a March magazine by Orison Sackett Marden, called "Why Married Women Deteriorate."

The Woman's Side of It.
"It is a rare thing to find a man who does not waste ten times as much money on foolish things as does his wife," said the woman's champion, and yet he would make ten times the talk about his wife's one-tenth foolishness, as about his own ten-tenths. Husband and wife deteriorate together, too, it seems, by acquiescing their ambitions. Wives who want to go out in the world and work are forced to stay at home and look pretty to welcome their husbands at night.

"Suppose a girl had the brains and ability of a George Eliot and she married a young business man who thinks that writing articles or books or devoting a large part of her time to music is all nonsense. What will her life be?" Of course the obvious answer to this question is that a girl with the brains and ability of George Eliot is going to make her life what she pleases, despite all the "young business men" in the world.

Ideal Wife Has Sense.
But the ideal wife is not a George Eliot. Sense rather than intellect is needed for home making and child rearing.

Brains in any considerable quantity mean nerves in proportion, and nerves are a very undesirable possession for an ideal wife.

For all practical purposes a comely young woman with a taste for the domestic virtues, a sense of humor and the capacity for cheering up quickly after a storm, makes an ideal wife.

She is all the most fortunate young man is likely to get.

What he wants or feels that he deserves is another matter. I don't think the ideal wife need be beautiful. Beauty is a delightful ornament of the housewife, but if the average man could demonstrate the Venus of Milo he would tend to become torpidly oblivious of all save her companionable qualities after a year or so. And if women are honest with themselves they will understand perfectly how such a state of mind can come about.

RUNAWAY HORSE UPSETS FIVE AND WRECKS GROCERY

Butcher Stehle's Educated
Equine Earns His Day Off
by Strenuous Antics.

VICTOR AMBLES HOME.

Unhappy Driver Sent to Hospital and Would-be Heroes
Swathed in Bandages.

When the patrolmen heard the sound of heavy hoofs clattering through the quiet streets of Williamsburg at a jay-eye-see gait this morning, they all remarked to the still morning air: "There goes Frederick Stehle's horse again."

Every now and again this horse of Stehle's—Stehle is a butcher at No. 304 Grand street, Williamsburg—takes it to his head that he ought to have a day off, and he goes about getting it in his own cute way. He woke up this morning with a touch of spring indolence and quietly ruminated over a plan for knocking off work as he munched his ration of oats. He let Albert Watson of No. 131 South First street, his driver, hitch him to the delivery wagon without a whinny of protest, and started off to market about 6 o'clock as if he were a candidate for the bonnyard instead of the spirited animal he is.

He jogged along like some canal-boat tow-horse, and lulled Watson into a sense of fancied security. But when he felt the lines resting limply on his back, he took the bit between his teeth and made a dash for it.

Wrecks a Grocery Shop.
Watson tried to cling to the reins, but the horse was too fast for him and jerked the reins to the roadway. Then he belted down Driggs avenue to Metropolitan avenue, where Richard Schneppe Jr. was opening up his father's provision store, ready for the day's business. With him was Frank Weiss. The horse mistook these for old pals and started to follow them into the shop. He didn't get in, but he threw Watson out of the wagon, accelerated Schneppe's and Weiss's steps, and smashed the front of the provision shop, scattering bolognas, cured hams, strings of salami, and bottles of pickles, olives and horseradish all over the sidewalk.

Excusing himself, he backed out and went on down Driggs avenue to North Fourth street, where he turned into Roebuck street, colliding with a fire-rodding himself of the delivery wagon. His back was to the curb, and he continued on his way to Sullivan street, where neither Samuel Rhine, twenty-two years of age, of No. 315 Knickerbocker avenue, nor John Ayres, twenty-seven, of No. 117 Bedford avenue, could get out of his way easily enough. He left them sprawling in the roadway and headed for Driggs avenue.

Upsets Two "Heroes."
At South First street, Policeman Freestone of the Bedford avenue station and another hero named Peter Ginter of No. 111 South Third street lined up on either side of the street. As the mettlesome horse thundered by they reached up on either side to catch the bridle. Both clawed only the air.

Down Driggs avenue Stehle's horse beat it like a hot iron. Grand street, turned into that thoroughfare, made straight for his own shop and into the case made in his taking the change, amounting to about \$4 into the sack.

"You can't come anything like that over me," the thief announced, when he saw the size of the pile. "You open that safe, and do it quick. I want all the dough you got in there."

"Sorry, pal," replied Levine, "but you are an hour too late. The collector's car came along and got all but the change and what has come in since."

"You'll have to show me. Open up the crib or I'll give you a slug of lead."

Robber Makes Escape.
At this instant a train arrived at the station and on the other side of the tracks and the robber took to his heels without waiting to see the inside of the safe. But it would have done him no good, for he had all the money there was.

As soon as a report was made Policeman Morgan of the West Third-street station went to investigate and found a badly frightened young man from the Wild West. "Come over here," he called, "and let me see what you have. A thing could be pulled off in New York."

"If I'd only had my gun," he said ruefully.

The description of the robber, as well as that of his voice and manner, tallied with that of the "red bandit" who had robbed two stations on the east side of town early last month. "The man who was holding up 'L' agents in Brooklyn was a different robber. Several detectives are searching for the Manly thief and believe they have a line on him that will lead to his arrest."

PHILADELPHIA, March 18.—The coquetry of the American singer, Carolina White, who was heard last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House in the new Ermanno Wolf Ferreri opera, "The Secret of Suzanne," asserted what might have been a panic and probably saved herself from serious injury. Toward the close of the opera the approach of evening is indicated by the lowering of the lights on the stage and it is then a part of the "business" of Suzanne to light a lamp on the stage.

Miss White, who was alone on the scene, struck a match and placed it close to the supposed work. Thoughtlessness on the part of some one had resulted in the lighting of a paper shade for the lamp, and in an instant the flimsy object was ablaze.

The burning paper fell upon the table. Miss White without hesitation gathered up the shade and crushed out the flame. A part of the burning paper fell upon a chair and this next engaged her attention.

At the risk of setting her gauzy costume afire she reached for the paper and beating out the flame with her hands threw the smoldering bit into a fireplace which was close by. She seemed unconcerned and continued her role.

From papers in his possession the man is believed to be William Dunn of No. 1411 Crown place, the Bronx. He is about fifty years old.

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BANDANNA ROBBER OF "L" HOLDS UP ANOTHER AGENT

Oklahoma Gunfighter, Now
Selling Tickets Here, Left
Pistol at Home.

THE LOOT WAS ONLY \$6.

But Pride of Levine, at Thirtieth Street and Ninth Avenue, Was Hurt.

The only reason Harry Levine didn't carve another notch on the handle of his trusty revolver today was because he had left it at home when the "red bandanna" elevated hold-up man called on him in the ticket office on the uptown side of the "L" at Thirtieth street and Ninth avenue at 1 o'clock and robbed him of \$6 of the company's money.

Levine, the ticket agent, is twenty-two years old, lives at No. 61 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, came here six weeks ago from the Bad Lands of Oklahoma, where he was a cow puncher and gunfighter, and wears a sombrero.

His splendid headgear and Western ways had aroused much interest among other employees at the station. He regarded them during the quiet watches of the night with his deeds of valor on the plains and in the canyons. His revolver, he said, had many notches.

"You mighta come from the Bad Lands," one of the colored porters said to him recently, "but you don't look a bad lot, too, believe me. These toughs about here eat guns an' swords an' such."

Didn't Carry Gun Here.
Levine laughed and said nothing like that could happen to him in a crowded place like New York, and events proved so tame he got so he left his pistol at home.

This morning a northbound train arrived and let off a woman and two children. The collector's car had been along an hour before and got all the day's receipts, and the hold-up man for change. Levine felt cramped in his narrow quarters in the ticket seller's cage and stepped out into the waiting room to stretch himself.

Suddenly a man loomed up in front of him, his face partly covered with a red bandanna handkerchief, with a six-shooter in his hand.

"Back up, you!" demanded the bandit, "get into your cage and hand out all the money there." He leveled the pistol at Levine's head.

Thought It a Joke.
The Westerner thought it was a joke some of his fellow employees had put up on him to test his courage, and laughed at the robber. With an oath the man punched him in the stomach with the muzzle of the pistol, and Levine saw he meant business. The robber took a small canvas bag from his pocket, keeping the ticket agent "covered" the time, and backing him into the cage made him take the change, amounting to about \$6 into the sack.

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Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Who Sailed With Son To-Day for Tour of Europe



PLAY ENDS FEUD BETWEEN BARNARD AND COLUMBIA

University Boys Agree to Take
Part With Girls in
German Piece.

The girls of Barnard College have won another victory of peace. Columbia's boys have loosened up, after preserving a cautious rigidity for generations, and have invited the girls of Barnard—that is, those who belong to the German Society—to join them in a play.

Never before did the boys of the university show a kindly feeling for the girls of Barnard—though there have been instances of individual toleration that were actually friendly. And the girls of Barnard have always acted on the theory that man was first created, then the brute creatures and then Columbia College boys.

The German societies of Barnard and Columbia are going to present Maeter's "Kopulkerstrasse" the beginning of April, and there will be three performances, which means that the love scenes will actually take place three times. The choice of a play was a very difficult matter—it had to be a piece with enough of "cupid" to make it really worth while for the Barnard boys, and for the Columbia girls, and then there couldn't be too much of it, for that wouldn't be exactly proper. Of course, there are some broad-shouldered kids at Columbia, who look pretty good in their sophomore clothes, but most of the good-looking ones are German like a brook.

But a hero has been found at last—Dr. P. R. Krueger, who is as proficient a lover as a German student.

As for the heroine, Doris Fleischman, she doesn't mind at all letting a stage

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MRS. CLEVELAND STARTS WITH SON FOR TOUR ABROAD

Widow of Former President
Holds Reception on Ship—
Many Greet Her.

THE LOOT WAS ONLY \$6.

But Pride of Levine, at Thirtieth Street and Ninth Avenue, Was Hurt.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland held a reception on the deck of the Adriatic to-day before sailing for Europe. She divided the honors of the occasion with the venerable John Higelow, whose ninety-three years seem to him no obstacle to what he calls "a trial to London and a little run through the Continent."

A considerable company from Princeton had come over to see Mrs. Cleveland off. They were headed by Dean Andrew F. West of the university. Mr. Cleveland's closest friend in the faculty, Charles the Rev. Malinad Butler, Robert Satterlee of the J. P. Morgan firm, Mrs. William H. Hines, widow of the Postmaster-General of the Cleveland Cabinet, and President John H. Finley of the College of the City of New York.

Mrs. Cleveland is accompanied by her son, Francis Grover. They will go to Switzerland from Cherbourg and visit her son Richard, who is at school there. Afterward they will make a tour of the Continent, returning to this country in about two months.

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